

A New Droll:
O R,
The Counter-Scuffle:

The Second Part.

Acted in the Middle of
HIGH-LENT.
BETWEEN THE
GOALERS and the PRISONERS.

Very Pleasant and Delightful,

By *J. Jordan*, Gent.

London, Printed for the Readers Recreation, 1 6 6 3.

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THE GENT



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1703.

A new Drol

LE T that Majestick Pen that writes
Of brave K— Arthur and his Knights,
And of their Noble feats and fights

And now let each one listen well,
While I the Famous battel tell,
In Woodstreet-Counter that befel,
In which great Scuffle only twain,
Without much hurt, or being slain,
Immortal Honor did obtain,
One was a Captain in degree,
A strong and lusty man was he,
T'her a Trades-man bold and free,
And though he was no man of force,
He had a stomach like a Horse,
And in his Rage had no Remorse,
Full nimble could he cuff and clout,
And was accounted without doubt,
One of the prettiest Sparks about,
And at his Weapon any way,
He could perform a single Pray,
Even from the Long Pike, to the **LAZ**,
He reckt not for his flesh a jot,
He far'd not *Englishman* nor *Scot*,
For Man or Monster, car'd he not
For fighting was his Recreation,
And like a man in Desperation,
For Law, Edict, or Proclamation,
And in his anger (cause being given)
To lift his hand 'gainst good Sir *Strum*,
Or any Justice under Heaven,

He fear'd not.

A NEW DROL.

He durst his Enemy with Sand,
 Or at Tirgoi or Cehs Sand,
 And bravely there with Sword in hand *Would greet him*
 And Noble Ellis was his name,
 VWho amongst his foes to purchase fame;
 Nor car'd though the Devil came *To meet him*
 And this brave Gold-smith was the man,
 VWho first this worthy brawl began,
 Which after ended in a Can *Of mild Beer.*
 But had you seen him when you fought,
 How eagerly for blood he fought,
 There's no man but would have him thought *a wilde Bear.*
 Imagine now you see a score
 Of Mad-cap Gentlemen or more,
 Boyes that did use to Royst and Rore, *and swaggers.*
 Amongst the which were three or four,
 That Rul'd themselves by Wildoms Lore,
 Whose very Granfires scarcely wore *a Dagger.*
 A Priest and a Lawyer, men well read,
 In wiping Spoons, and chipping bread,
 And falling too, a short Grace being said, *Fall roundly.*
 Whose hungry Mawes no Sallets need,
 Good appetites therein to breed,
 Their Stomacks without Sance could feed, *Profoundly.*
 That ill that men of sober Diet,
 Who lov'd to fill their Guts in quiet,
 VVere plac'd with Ruffins that to Royce *Were given.*
 And (O great grief!) even from their Food,
 (Their Stomacks too, being strong and good)
 And that sweet place whereon it stood,
 But here 'tis sitting I repeat, *he drives.*
 VVhat Food our dainty Prisoners eat,
 But if in placing of the Meat,
 From curious Order I do swerve, *and Dishes.*
 'Tis that themselves did none observe,
 For which no flesh they did deserve,
 But some (perhaps) will say, that *not Fishes.*
 Affords them not what here is ment,
 So much, so good, and that they want *Without it.*

'Tis like, but if I add a Dish, you shall know it is so. *See V. to p. 70. 1. A*
 Or twain, or three, of Flesh, or Fish, *See V. to p. 70. 1. A*
 They either had, or did it with, *See V. to p. 70. 1. A*
 Then wipe your Mouthes, while I declare,
 The goodness of this Lenten fare,
 Which is in Prison very Rare,
 (*) Firmity as sweet as any Nut,
 As good as ever swild a Gult,
 And sifter sweet as ere was put,
 Eggs by the dozen, new and good,
 VVhich in white Salt upright stood,
 And meats which heat and stir the blood,
 As butter'd Crabs, and Lobsters Red,
 VVhich send the Married pair to bed,
 and in loose bloods have often bred,
 Fish butter'd to the Platters brim,
 and Parsnips did in butter swim,
 Strew'd ore with Pepper neat and trim,
 Smelts cride, come eat me, do not stay,
 Fresh Cod, and Maids full neatly lay,
 And next to these a lusty Ra-
 stuck thick with Cloves upon the back,
 VVell stuffe with Sage, and for the Smack,
 Daintily strew'd with Pepper black,
 Picktel, Sturgeon, Tench, and Trout,
 Meat far too good for such a Rout,
 To tumble, tosse, and throw about,
 The next a Neats-tongue neatly dryde,
 Mustard and Sugar by his side,
 Rochers butter'd, Flounders fryde,
 Eeles boyl'd and broyled, and next they bring
 Herring that is the Fishes King,
 And then a Courtey Poll of Ling,
 But stay, I had almost forgot,
 The flesh that still stands piping hot,
 Some from the Spit, some from the Pot,
 A Shoulder, and a Leg of Mutton,
 As good as ever Knife was put on,
 VVhich never were by a true Ghilton,

A Loyn of Veal, that would have fed that'd been
 One of the hungriest of the Guard,
 And they sometimes will feed full hard,
 And such as love the busy Chitew
 But when that I shall sup or dine,
 God grane they be no Guests of mine,
 Thus the descriptions are compleat,
 Which I have made of Men and Meats,
 May aid me now, while I repeat,
 VVhere pots and stools were set in Gins,
 To break each others Heads and Shins,
 Where blows did make bones in their skins,
 VVhere men to madness never cease,
 Till each (furious as a beast) had spoild the fashion of a Feast,
 VVhereon had they not been secure,
 They might have fed, till bellies burst,
 But Ellis shew'd himself the worst,
 For he began this monstrous brawl,
 VVhich afterward incens'd them all,
 To throw the meat about the Hall,
 And now give ear unto the Jar,
 That fell between these men of VVar,
 VVherein so many a harmless Scar,
 The board thus furnisht, each man sits,
 Some fell to feeding, some to prate,
 Among whom a jarring Question starts,
 For they grew hotly in dispute,
 VVhat Calling was of most Repute,
 'Twas well their VVits were so acute
 But after a deliberate pause,
 The Lawyer spoke, as he had cause,
 In commendation of the Laws,
 The Law, quoth he, by a just doom,
 Doth censure all that to it come,
 And still defends the innocent from
 It favours Truth; it curbs the hope
 Of Vice; it gives Allegiance scope
 Provides a Gallows and a Rope
 For Treason.

This

This doth the Law, and this is it
 Which makes us here in Prison sit
 Which grounded is on holy VVrit
 To which all men must submit
 As we by daily proof do see
 From highest to lowest degree
 Noble, and Rich : It doth subdue
 The Souther, and his Swaggering crew,
 But at that word the Captain *grow*
 He look't full grim, and at first *show*
 Rap't an Oath, that flash'd the *show*
 And struck his fist, that the Sound *show*
 It made all skip that stood him *show*
 The frighted Custard quak'd for *show*
 And those that heard it strike *show*
 Nought did he now but frown and *show*
 And having star'd and swore enough
 Thus he began in Language *rough*
 Base foisting Lawyer, that dost *show*
 Thy mind on nothing, but to get
 Thy living by thy damned *show*
 A Slave that shall for half a *show*
 With Buckram-bag, and dagglet *show*
 Wait like my Dog about the Town,
 A business of the Devils part,
 For Feet though not with Law *show*
 But head as empty as thy heart,
 You stay at home and pocket *show*
 While we abroad our bloods do *show*
 And then with such base terms *show*
 But Lawyer, it is safer far
 For thee to pratele at a Bar,
 Than once to shew thy face i'th *show*
 VVhere to defend such thankless *show*
 The Souldier little quiet *show*
 But is expos'd to stormy winds,
 And oft in blood he wades full *show*
 Your throats from forraign Swords *show*
 And wakes when you securely *show*
 VVhat could your Laws, or Statutes *show*

Against invasions of the foe, *To quell 'em*
 Did not the valient Souldier go
 And to prevent your further harm,
 With Ensign, Fife, and loud Alarms
 Of Warlike Drum, by force of Arms *Repell 'em*
 Wer' not for us thou Swade, quoth he,
 Where would'st thou fog to get a Fee?
 But to defend such things as these, *'Tis pity*
 For such as thou, esteem us less,
 Who ever have been ready prest,
 To guard you, and the Cuckowes nest,
 That very word made Ellis start,
 And all his blood ran to his heart,
 He shook, and quak'd in every part *Wish hunger*
 He lookt as if nought might assuage
 The heat of his enflamed rage,
 His very countenance did preface *Some danger*
 A Cuckowes nest, quoth he: and so,
 He hum'd, and held his head full low,
 As if distracted thoughts did go,
 At length, quoth he, my Mother sed,
 At *Bristol* she was brought to bed,
 And there was Ellis born and bred, *(God bless him.)*
 Of *London* City I am free,
 And there I first my Wife did see,
 And for that very cause, quoth he, *I love it*
 And he that calls it Cuckowes nest,
 Except he sayes, he speaks in jest,
 He is a Villain, and a Beast, *He prove it*
 For though I am a man of Trade,
 And free of *London* City made,
 Yet can I use Gun, Bill, and blade, *In battle*
 And Citizens, if need require,
 Themselves can force the Foe retire,
 VVhat ever this Low-Country Squire *do prattle*
 For we have Souldiers of our own,
 Able enough to guard the Town,
 And Captains of most fair renown,
 If any Foe should fight again,
 And set on us with all his Train, *about it*

A NEW DR. OL.

Yes! make him to Retire again, —

None doubt it.

We have fought well in Dangers past,
And will do while our Liver do last,
Without the help of any Cast —

Commanders

That thither come, compel'd by want,
With Rusty Swords, and Suits Provant,
From Utrich, Namigen, or Gant —

In Flanders.

The Captain cou'd no longer hold,
But looking fiercely, plainly told
The Citizen, he was too bold, —

and called him

Proud Boy, and for his sawcy Speech,
Did shortly vow to whip his Breech:
Then Ellis snatcht the pot, with which —

He malt'd him.

Hethrew the Jugge, and therewith-all
(*) He gave the Captain such a mall,
As made him thump against the wall —

(*) The Scuffle.)

His Crooper,

With that the Captain took a Dish
That stood brim full of butter'd fish,
As good as any heart could wish —

To Supper.

And as he threw, his foot did slide,
Which turn'd his arm and dish aside,
And all be-butter-fishide —

Nic Ballat.

and he good man, did none disafe,
But sitting quiet: and at ease,
With buttered Rochets, sought to please —

His Pallat.

but when he felt the wrong he had,
He Rag'd, and swore, and grew stark mad,
Some in the Room been better had —

without him,

For he took hold of any thing,
And first he caught the Poll of Ling,
Which he courageously did sling —

about him.

Out of his Hand it flew a pace,
And hit the Lawyer in the face,
Who at the Board in highest place —

was seated.

and as the Lawyer thought to rise,
The Salt was thrown into his Eyes,
Which him of Sight in woful wise —

defeated.

all things nere Hand, Nic Ballat threw:
At length his butter'd Rochets flew,
And lit by chance, amongst the Crew, —

The Parson.

The

A NEW DIOL

The Sauce his Coat did all be-wet,
 The Priest began to fume and fret,
 The Seat was butter'd which he set,
 He knew not what to do or say,
 It was in vain to preach or pray,
 Or cry you are all gone astray,
 He might as well go strive to teach
 Divinity beyond his reach,
 Or when the Bells ring out, go preach
 At this mischance the silly man,
 Out of the room would fain have ran,
 and very angerly began
 Ill luck had he, for after that,
 One threw the Parsneps full of fat,
 Which stuck like Brooches in his Hat,
 Out of the place he soon repairs,
 And ran half headlong down the stairs,
 and made complaint to Master Ayres,
 Up ran he to know the matter,
 and found how they the things did scatter,
 Here a Trencher, there a Platter,
 I dare not say he stunk for wo,
 Nor will, unless I did it know,
 But some there be that dares say so
 Nor could ye blame him, if he did,
 For they threw dishes at his head,
 and did with Eggs and Loaves of bread
 He thrust himself into the throng,
 and us'd the vertue of his tongue,
 But what could one mans word among
 The Candles all were shuffled out,
 The Victuals flew afresh about;
 Vvas never such a Combat fought
 Now in the dark was all the coyl,
 Some were bloody in the broyl,
 and some lay sleapt in Saile-Oyl
 The fight would make a man a feard:
 another had a buttered Beard,
 Anothers face was all besmear'd

His man

Good people

Ith Steeple

To mutter

with Butter

With crying

Were lying

that smelt him

Depelt him

So many

by any

and Mustard

with Custard

Others

AN EPIC DROL.

Others were dawb'd up to the knee,
 With buttered Fish and Furmicee;
 and some the men could scarcely see — *that was the*
 Under the board I tellen lay,
 Being sore frighted with the fray,
 and as the vveapons flew that way, — *be cut off.*
 The bread stuck in the vwindows all,
 Like bullets in a Castle-wall,
 Which furious foes do seek to scale — *In battle.*
 Shoulders of Mutton, and Loynes of Veal,
 Appointed for to serve the meal,
 about their eares full many a peal — *did rattle.*
 The which when Mr. Blany spide,
 Oh, take away their arms he cryde,
 Lest some great hurt do them betide, — *Prevent it.*
 And then the knave away did steal,
 Or food that sell, no little deal,
 and in his house at many a meal — *He spent it.*
 The Caprain ran the rest among,
 as eager to revenge the wrong
 Done by the Plot which Ellis stung — *So fiercely.*
 And angry Ellis sought about,
 To finde the furious Caprain out,
 at length they met, and then they fought — *devoutly.*
 Now being met, they never lin,
 Till with their loud robustuous din,
 The room and all that was therein — *did rumble.*
 Instead of VVeapons made of Steel,
 The Captain took a salted Eele,
 and at each blow made Ellis reel, — *and tumble.*
 Ellis a Fippin-pye had got,
 A sorer vveapon than the Pot:
 For so, the apples being hot, — *did scald him.*
 The Captain laid about him still,
 As if he would poor Ellis kill,
 and with his Eele with a good will — *He smalled him*
 At length, quoth he, Ellis thou art
 a fellow of couragious heart,
 Yield now, and I will take thy part — *hereafter.*
 B 2 *Quoth*

Quoth *E* his much I scorn to hear,
 Thy words of threats, being free from fear,
 VVith which he hardly could forbear— *from laughter.*
 Together then afresh they lie,
 The Eele against the Pippin-pye.
 But *B*lay stood there purposely — *To watch them.*
 The weapons wherewithall they fought,
 VVere those for which he chiefly sought,
 and with an eager stomach thought — *To catch them.*
 But scap't not now so well away,
 as that the Veal and Mutton-fray:
 He thought to have with such a prey — *His jaws set.*
 But *if* his hope did turn aside,
 He lookt for that which luck deny'd;
 For *E* his all be-pippin-pyde — *His Guts bend.*
 Wo was the case he now was in,
 The apples hot, did scald the skin,
 His Skull, as it had rotten bin, *did crackle.*
 VVith that one fool among the rout,
 Made out-cry all the house about,
 That *B*lay's brains were beaten out — *his middle.*
 VVhich *Lockwood* hearing needs would see,
 what all this coyl and stir might bee,
 and up the stairs his Guts and he — *went walling.*
 But when he came the Chamber near,
 Behind the door he stood to hear,
 but in he durst not come for fear — *of scuffling.*
 There stood he in a frightful case,
 and as by chance he stir'd his face,
 Full in the mouth a butter'd Playce — *did hit him.*
 Away he sneakt, and with his tongue,
 He lick'd and swallowed up the wrong,
 and as he went the room along — *Be — bin.*
 Not help, now doth poor *Lockwood* cry,
 O! bring a Surgeon, or I die,
 My Guts out of my Belly fly: — *Come quickly.*
*B*lay with open mouth likewise,
 For present help of Surgeon cries,
 Pitty a man, quoth he, that lies — *So sickly.*

A NEW DROL.

Philips, the kilsful Surgeon then,
 Was cal'd, and cal'd, and cal'd agen,
 If he had skill to cure these men, ——— *To shew it.*
 At length he comes, and first he puts
 His hands, to feel for *Lockwood's* Guts, ——— *all know it.*
 Which came not forth so sweet as Nuts,
 He cries for water. In the mean
 One calls up *Madge* the Kitchin-quean,
 To take and make the Baby clean ——— *and shew it.*
 Fast by the Nose she took the *Squall*,
 and led him softly through the *Hall*,
 Least the perfume through knees should fall ——— *about it.*
 She turn'd his Hose beneath the knee,
 Nor could she chuse but laugh to see,
 That yellow which was wont to be ——— *a white-brach.*
 She took a Dish-clout off the shelf,
 and with it wipt the dirty Elf,
 which had not wit to h-lp it self ——— *Poor-brach,*
 Thus leaving *Lockwood* all be-raid,
 Unto the mercy of the Maid,
 who well deserved to be payd ——— *for taking.*
 Such homely pains, Now let us cast,
 Our thoughts back on the stir that's past,
 and them whose bones could not in hast ——— *leave aking.*
 And like the *Candles*, shall my Pen
 Shew you these *Gallants* once agen,
 which now like *Fluries*, not like men ——— *appeared.*
 Fresh Lights being brought t'appease the braul,
 Saeu twenty mad men in the *Hall*,
 with Blood and Sauce their faces all ——— *besmeared.*
 Their Cloaths rent and sows'd in drink,
 Oyl, Mustard, Butter, and the stinck,
 which *Lockwood* left, would make one think ——— *in sadnes.*
 That these so monstrous creatures dwell,
 Either in *Bedlam*, or in *Hell*,
 O, that no tongue, or Pen can tell ——— *their madnes.*
 They were indeed disfigured so,
 Friend knew not friend, nor foe-man foe,
 And each man scarce himself did know : ——— *But after.*

NEW DIOL

A frantick dancing round about,
 They suddenly did quit their double,
 and loudly all at once brake out
 The heat of all is now alaid,
 The Keepers gently do per wade,
 and (as before) all friends are made
 Ellis, the Captain doth imbrace,
 The Captain doth return the grace,
 And so do all the men in the place,
 By Jove I love thee, Ellis cry'd,
 The Captain soon as much replied,
 Thou art, quoth he, a man well try'd,
 With Mars at ods again shall be,
 E're any Jare twixt thee and me:
 and there upon I drink to thee
 And then he kneel'd upon the ground,
 Drink't off (quoth Ellis) for this Round
 For ever shall beheld Renown:
 Why any quarrel twixt us twain
 Arise, or this renew again,
 But may we loving friends remain
 Amen, cry'd Captain so did all,
 And so the health went through the Hall,
 And thus the Noble Counter-brill
 But hunger now did vex 'em more,
 Then all their anger did before:
 They searcht i'th Room how far their Store
 They want the Meat which *Diany stole*,
 One finds a HERRING in a hole,
 With dirt and dust, black as a Cole,
 All under feet; The next in post
 Snaps up, and feed on what was lost,
 And looks not whether it be Rost,
 A third finds in another place,
 A piece of LING in dirty case,
 And Mustard in his fellows face,
 Espies, that finds a Loaf of breads
 A dish of Butter all bespread,
 And stuck upon another Head

in Lough.

full friendly

as friendly

and Philom

a full Can.

and never

for ever

was ended

extended

and trodden

or Soddan

Another

Fit Powder.

Thus

A NEW DROL.

Thus what they found, contented some,
At length the Keeper brings a Broom,
Meaning therewith to cleanse the Room
But under Table, on the ground,
Looking to sweep, by chance he found
Lislin, faining to be found.

with Sweeping.

ly sleeping.

He pull'd him out so swift by the heels,
As if his Arse had ran on wheelles.
And found his pockets stuf't with Eccles :

His Codpiece

Did plenty of provision bring,
Somewhat is held of every thing,
Smelts, Flounders, Rochets, and of Ling
at this discovery, each man Round:

a broad piece.

Took equal share of what was found,
Which afterwards they freely drown'd

In good Drinks

For of good Beer there was good store,
Till all was glad to give it o're,
For each man had enough, and more

That would drink,

And when they thus had drunk and fed,
(As if no quarrel had been bred)
They all shook hands, and to bed

did shifte.

Ellis, the glory of this Town,
With that brave Captain of Renown,
And thus I end this Famous COUN-

TERS-COUPLE.

FINIS.
